

# Under the Sun

Michael Franks

Snow in my shoes  
Mid-Winter blues  
Have got me down  
(Just point me South...let's go now)  
The clothes on my back  
Are too Pasternak  
From sole to crown  
Where in the hell's the snowplow?  
Down 95  
We'll come alive  
And by the time we get somewhere  
Near Savannah  
Give Winter the slip  
It's well worth the trip  
To be together  
Under the sunUnder the sun  
Stress is undone  
With every mile  
We travel down that highway  
Hot tea and songs  
It won't be long  
Till we arrive  
At our island hideaway  
Unpack the car  
See how things are  
We'll roll up all the Blinds  
To let some light in  
We've come a long way  
Small price to pay  
To be together  
Under the sunAnd every evening watch the sunset  
Oh the gardenia scent is sweet  
Remember me, I'm from out West and  
I need the heatUnder the sun  
Over the opal sea  
Sometimes a cloud  
Sails along harmlessly  
Under the sun  
Sambaing hand-in-hand

You and me two  
Sandpipers in the sand

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